

Poetry Series

**Lynne RBC**  
**- poems -**

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Lynne RBC()

# Am I Missing Something?

This house has grown empty  
Have I lost my touch?  
It's hollow in some corner  
In the middle of too much.  
Now you're leaving  
you've done this before  
But why does it tear me  
each time a bit more?  
You proclaim that you love me  
Never never, more than ever  
But your eyes - please stop begging  
Or you'll cut through my shivers.  
You carried me to hold on to  
As my hand is slipping easy  
How can you go on trusting you  
When I am here, doubting me?

Lynne RBC

# Balloons

Where do balloons go?  
I really want to know.

If I release it to the sky  
Will it forever fly?  
Or will somebody else start to see  
as soon as I catch it's color shed  
Why in fact did I choose red?

How do you pacify a child  
who held it last  
when all you hear is her final gasp  
and unceasing whimper?  
Will you tell her  
it's out to send a message  
to her daddy up in heaven?  
Or that it's on its way  
to a child who hasn't even held one  
in a childhood almost forgotten?

I know between mathematics  
and science  
and poetry  
I will see the answer  
But the child in me  
can't help but wonder.

Where do balloons go  
If I finally decide to grow?

Lynne RBC

# Ben

You are history  
retold  
relived  
over again

Ben

You burst our inner happiness  
with your cries  
too sheer  
it can form a stream of tears

You are a bundle of softness  
against our enormity  
but with your touch so trusting  
we can only weaken

Ben

If you are yet to uncover  
a chestful of tales  
olden  
golden  
how did it come to be  
that your newness bears all  
the unforgotten  
story?

Lynne RBC

# Captured

You came  
just when my arms were  
too weak  
and I could only  
speak  
the cravings  
of a retiring heart.  
I tried a mask  
but you saw through me  
naked  
disconcerted.  
You watched me drop  
one step  
at a time  
but caught me  
when I was  
trying to stop.  
I knew  
you wanted this fall;  
you knew  
how I desired the catch.

You captured me  
as I did you.

Still  
there are bruises.

Lynne RBC

# Clown

If I make faces and paste a smile,  
will you forget originality  
and mimic my style?

Will you watch me do acrobatics?  
Leap out of your fear to mid-air  
revive your strength from up there?

Will my magic do the trick?  
Transform your body with my wand  
heal you with the flick of my hand?

If I buy you the doll you never had  
will this soothe your aches as much  
as your words cradle me as angels touch?

If I swear to be the funniest clown you will ever see,  
will it turn your pains to tickles,  
will you promise to laugh with me?

Lynne RBC

# Clutter

This clutter needs to be arranged.  
I see it on my desk  
but I know  
it's coming from my brain  
mismatched with my heart  
and I don't know where to start.  
Suddenly, I feel the urgent need to sort  
it's gone neck-deep  
too laborious to exhort.

Do bigger files go to the bottom  
like the memory box of that  
eternal night  
where everything was just too right  
but wrong?  
NOw, where does that belong?  
Do these books of thoughts  
get filed by height,  
by bookmark  
or by affinity?  
Those likely  
I'll be reaching for  
on a restless morn  
will find a place  
on my bedside table, for sure,  
beneath it, are those that come  
with brief allure.  
Do I need to read each of these notes  
to know  
which ones should go?  
Letters, bills, poems, doodles.  
Idle thoughts can reveal bundles  
about these voids  
between what I touch and feel,  
what are done and still.

Don't look for me  
I'm buried somewhere  
sorting



things i need to dispose or recover.  
Trying to discover  
my way out from this  
superficial mess  
or some deeper distress.  
When I'm finally close  
to getting uncluttered  
Perhaps it's easier  
to start  
and scatter.

Lynne RBC

# Core

Hesitate not to penetrate  
like a wide-eyed kid  
who eternally flips the pages.  
For surely he can never unravel  
the reason of the little prince  
nor untangle the mystery of jack who rips  
with just a chip on the sealed corners of this book.  
Neither can you reckon my soul  
with only this body to look.

The core can't be that far  
just beneath this scar.  
Delve deeper.

Lynne RBC

# Crisp Sheets, Spaghetti And You

I should start writing.  
Something,  
anything  
for you.  
After all  
you wrote  
my life story.

But where to begin?  
I can't start  
to imagine.

The rhythm  
of your heartbeat  
make me remember.  
The memories  
of your warmth,  
how can I forget?  
You made me a home  
even before  
our house was built.  
Your love outpoured  
from all corners of  
these crisp sheets.  
Your home-cooked meals  
delight my senses  
bringing me closer  
to your bosom  
breathing  
touch.

Maybe  
I'm not destined  
to have as much  
of you  
or  
have I already  
had enough  
for this

lifetime?

You lined my  
life story  
then ceased.

What comes after  
this

space?

Lynne RBC

# Favors

Maybe, I owe myself a favor.  
I need a rest.

We've been running around our circle.  
A cyclical track, a returning lap.  
You were following me following you.  
But I never knew, there soon will come a bend  
To take you to the farther end.  
Traversing a different loop  
of this seemingly mutating hoop.

Running has never been this exhausting.  
And I was never an athlete.  
So, here's a white flag to say go on,  
but I am done.  
I'm just too consumed to continue the run.

I know, I owe myself a favor.  
I need a rest -  
from you.

Lynne RBC

## For H

His gaze seem to question the truth in all I say  
But his smile reassures me to say it anyway;  
His words are pure honesty - open and trusting  
His ways has no pretenses - what you see is what you're getting

The name is different, don't even know how it sounds  
But now, it seems the most natural thing - saying it all out loud!  
He is there in a land so distant and hours behind  
But he's the closest thing to heaven that I could find.

Stories are shared, blending cultures so diverse  
In a moment's conversation, two lives have merged;  
The far-away land has become a familiar get-away  
The persons, though strangers, seem long lost soul mates.

And so the friendship blossomed and then the feelings grew  
Intense words are now spoken, hurting with a day's absence or two;  
Wait! Was that a look of desire we see in each other's eyes?  
Should we face the truth and cross boundaries or stick to the rules and settle  
with lies?

Differences we try to mend, issues we try to clear  
But the more we talk about it, more doubts come up, we fear;  
For real or mere fantasy? Forever or sometime?  
Friends or something larger? To question or define?

There's nothing truly certain, tomorrow hangs in space  
But my mind will etch forever his name, his pure heart, his face;  
If today should be my last, no doubt I'd live it as it is  
Gathering memories of pure love and indulging myself in this moment's bliss!

Lynne RBC

# Futile

You gave me the right to choose  
which I never knew I'd lose  
right before my eyes -  
lies!

They took my soul away  
repay the favors -  
a trick  
and I am sick of it  
of them  
robbing me  
my sanity  
and you.

I love you too much  
to stay  
and I grieve  
watching you hurt  
bleed  
decay  
deeper each day  
knowing  
no matter how much I try  
to soothe you  
there's nothing left  
to feed you  
but candies.

Lynne RBC

# Head Bowed Down

I'm sorry...

sadly, I doubted  
despite the truth;  
confused with the signs  
in between the words;  
you told me to use my heart  
persistently, I used my head.

Forgive me...

I made up bitter thoughts  
in your absence;  
I talked (and nagged!)  
despite your need for silence.  
I hated blindly,  
even if your love was all that abounded.

I regret it

Recklessly writing you a letter I didn't mean  
to show my rage;  
for even allowing this unjustified anger for you  
to lurk inside me;  
to have had a share of some blissful moments,  
only to cause both of us to tear, bleed, scar.

Give me some time...

To tell you the painful truth (though you may doubt it):  
to take a grasp of the words you said  
and decipher the signs in between;  
to fill my head with delightful memories of my stories  
and the peal of your laughter  
(or the other way around):  
to soothe the hurt that's breaking us softly  
and heal the wound;  
to use my heart,  
undo the fury,



and vigorously tear out the letter.

To fight defeat and raise my head,  
to look without a blink,  
to capture our heaven,  
to help me remember  
should your silence linger to forever.

Lynne RBC

# Heartwaves

Faster than light, more vivid than sound  
Stronger than might, with endless bounds.

More accurate than instinct, more precise than a hunch  
More exact than gut-feel, more steadfast and staunch.

Undefined by science, unexplained by any laws  
Its the invisible connection from this heart of mine to yours.

Once tasked a simple purpose of bringing you close to me  
Feeling the masked emotions and the hidden hues, we can see.

But trouble is then detected, a faltered connection it seems  
Unspoken words now remain unheard still, unread minds - concealed.

Fixing errors in the linkage, mending differences across the shores  
Now tasked to connect the broken heartwaves here, in frequency with yours.

The waves may become faulty, solutions may be hard to plan  
But victory is always sweetest, to a trusting heart who believes it can!

Lynne RBC

# Home For Christmas

I brought you out here tonight to look at the lights  
they put together for Christmas.  
You held onto my fingers,  
The only ones that could fit into those tiny hands  
and you pull.  
Harder than I thought you could.  
I knew you'd love these glitters dancing in the dark.  
They flicker the same pattern  
but your face lights up brighter each time  
and the usual colors reflect the rainbow  
in your eyes.

I wanted to show you the sky I used to call heaven  
but can't seem to tell you.  
Maybe you'd think I was silly.  
Unabashedly though,  
you looked up and showed me  
the moon you once rode  
and the clouds you played and swayed with.  
Could it be?  
That the farther we would go tonight  
the closer to home you can drag me?

I wonder if these Christmas lights could spark the same magic at anytime of day  
as well.  
Or how fast the breeze can carry the two of us.  
I almost forgot how it was.  
Maybe one Christmas eve  
you can tell me  
While you teach me to be patient

and wait for Santa.

Lynne RBC

# If We Were Kids

If we were kids

I would have dragged you out in the rain  
and showed you how beautiful it is

if we were under it -

looking up and tasting,  
soaking and shivering.

I would have held your hand  
and told you it's perfectly fine  
to laugh till it hurts  
or cry till we looked silly.

If we had known each other then

we would have skipped a tree house session with the gang  
and have gone to the river bank -

talked and laughed

fished and composed our story.

If I had met you then

you would have made your way to my diary  
pink and locked

and I would have named you  
superman or tiger

or chipmunk

and adorned them

with smileys.

But I met you now

your hands are rough

your facial lines prominent

either from too much laughter or worries

my fingers can not decipher.

I met you

when you think the rain is merely for kids

and naming names was inappropriate

and that laughter is a privilege.

Now

when the stories we make are best kept

locked and blue  
and fishing

is just to catch fish.

Lynne RBC

# Linked

Caught in the vastness of space and time,  
How do you find a match of the truest kind?  
Where HERE crosses distance and NOW skips the hours,  
Where LATER is for parting, to delay a minute longer.

Caught in a language that doesn't rhyme,  
How do you find words to convey the signs?  
I'm speaking your thoughts - you don't need to define  
I don't need to explain - you're reading my mind.

Caught in the brink of tears and laughter,  
How do we portray happiness beyond measure?  
Struggling, we laugh - easing our sorrows away,  
In surrender, we cry - adding a bit of strength each day.

Caught in the limits of friends and lovers,  
How can we be sure it's a love within borders?  
It is mighty and large - yet invisible and free,  
Gentle and pure - but tightly binds you to me.

Caught in the comforts of life's greatest treasures,  
How does one start with a simple pleasure?  
Sharing the beauty of dawn till dusk,  
Not giving up on this promise, never doubt, no need to ask.

Caught in a world that's entirely yours and mine,  
How can two distant souls create a love so sublime?  
Let's not start to wonder when it will end or where it begun,  
We've come to a full circle - no stopping now, can't be undone.

Lynne RBC

# Lost

Thinking, reflecting she can't seem to see  
Stop, look and listen, the signs becoming blurry;  
Her life now is what she wanted before  
But the searching continues, she's wanting for more.

Silently, secretly she looks for the girl  
Who lived life complacently, contented to be;  
But hiding in the corner of her heart now is a woman  
Now filled with confusion, wanting to be free.

The face shows happiness, yet the heart despair  
the eyes are still looking but the soul is not there;  
The mind is focused, but thoughts have faltered  
The body is here, but the spirit has wandered.

The wheel has turned, fate has twisted  
Options are given, a choice should be made;  
Wanting to stay here, yearning to go  
Hurting the lover, yet loving him so.

The clock is ticking, the hourglass has drained  
Lost in the spectrum, lost in the maze  
Living and loving in a safe place called home,  
Or in love and alive in the great unknown?

Lynne RBC

# Meanings

Meanings change  
with people.

You say  
'It's not you  
It's me'  
But I know  
It's me  
Exactly.

You say  
'let's forget  
what happened'  
But I know  
It's me  
you're forgetting.

You say  
'Don't go on  
changing'  
But I know  
It's this hint  
of change  
I'm missing.

But I say  
If I can't act  
as me  
You'll know  
I'm seeing you  
differently.

Or so it seems.  
Do people change  
with what they  
mean?

Lynne RBC



# Mechanical

Didn't I tell you?  
I am no machine!

You can't just format me  
erase from memory  
add up  
or scroll down  
undo, draw, stop  
switch on  
or shut up  
just like that.

But you did.  
Or was it just my sensitivity?  
Too much,  
it brought some senses out of me.  
Seeing you copy-pasting  
some things I did;  
burning  
my off-keyed music;  
fabricating the machine  
I mistook you for  
and finally becoming  
my operator.

Lynne RBC

# Odd Love

It's unfair  
the way you stare  
and the roller coaster ride  
begins  
lifting me off my shin  
half-baked smile  
or frown  
if I can only look back  
with my head down.

It's not right  
when you're out of sight  
and I'm out of breath  
suffocating  
heart's irregular beating  
of relief  
or sadness  
wanting you near  
but not too close -  
or madness!

It's not working  
your begging  
or mine,  
the signs  
just get away  
everytime.  
I despise you  
for wanting  
You spite me  
for stopping

but  
we love.

Lynne RBC

# Right In The Middle

right in the middle  
of red and yellow  
i know  
you have to go  
hear that gunshot  
throw  
or the last of the lullaby  
grow  
right in the middle  
of take off  
and touch down  
i know  
you won't be around  
so i'm letting you  
fly  
go climb  
a different  
high  
make it there  
safe  
and fast  
home  
at last  
and trust  
in a timeless space  
you abound  
where i can feel  
even when there is  
no sound  
as you lightly dash  
from nowhere  
to near  
right in the middle  
of me  
just right here

Lynne RBC

# Roads

I have driven  
this too familiar road  
countless times before  
but today  
I found my grip  
on the wheel  
strange.  
Funny,  
when this road bears  
much too happy memories  
I wonder why,  
this day, of all days,  
the wind is bashing a painful cold,  
the sky - a tint darker,  
the horns blowing a pitch lower.  
It must be the rain  
but I know  
it isn't.

There is something blurry  
how this old road  
seems shorter  
today.  
Maybe it's my speed,  
the thoughtless gaps,  
the timeless lapse.  
Maybe it's you and me  
driving together the same path  
alone  
apart  
with nothing but mirrors  
to bear witness  
the silent exchange of  
passions of our hearts,  
too intense, I fear,  
I could hear them break  
with us.  
Or maybe because  
I know, too well,

too soon  
too abruptly  
we are bound to take this  
intersection

separately.

Lynne RBC

# Short

I made a resolution.  
I'm keeping it short.  
Less words.  
No explanations.  
Direct  
or concise  
or ambiguous.  
But definitely  
less superfluous.  
It's a yes  
or a no.  
Not a maybe.  
Nor a cream  
on top of the  
strawberry  
which I adore.  
From now on  
I'll be a bore  
to you  
but not to me.  
My thoughts  
will still flow  
easily  
even your cage  
can't brand me  
unfree.  
I will talk  
the talk  
and then abort  
before  
i break my promise  
to be short.

Don't ask why  
I might justify  
then cut.  
I'll try and keep  
my mouth shut.  
For now.

Lynne RBC

# Something Must Be Wrong With My Hands

Something must be wrong with my hands.  
My plants are dying  
and I've killed 2 of my dogs.  
Well, not that I strangled them to death.  
But maybe I missed on a meal, or a drink  
or a cuddle. I'm not sure.  
Can't seem to fix this error.  
Perhaps, it's one good reason for God  
not to give me children.  
Like mom's china, I might dropp and break them.

I know these hands are, in a lot of ways, connected to the heart.  
You loved it when I've held you with them, remember?  
I also know this heart, in turn, is connected to the whole body.  
It's simple logic, really.  
Still, I can't help but wonder,  
Does that make me a factory defect altogether?

Lynne RBC



# Sophia

You have come down  
gracefully  
from the heavens  
to keep us together  
and it tears us  
apart  
every time he grabs you  
away  
even for the tiny moments  
of everyday.

We have learned to laugh  
the way you do  
unwary  
that it could be shortlived.  
It puzzles me  
how your young mind  
made more sense.

You have showed us to be brave  
and fight  
the pains that multiplied  
by the thousands -  
grandma's illness,  
mommy's hurts,  
and my emptiness.  
You held us all with your  
tiny hands  
and little by little  
we heal.  
I know you did it,  
but I can hear you say,  
"No, YOU did! "

Oh tender heart,  
pure soul  
I'm pretty sure  
you are an angel  
in disguise of a

girl.  
'Don't grow up too soon, '  
I whisper.  
Your grin tells me  
I'm being silly.

You already did -  
outgrow us all.

Lynne RBC

# Surrender

Again and again,  
you have skillfully sent  
these buttons flying -  
liberating the woman  
behind this woman.

Single-handedly,  
you have locked her  
immobile, enfeebled  
untangling the strands of her hair  
with your fingers  
making her quiver;  
then loosened the strings  
and empowered the queen  
uncovered the facade  
vulnerability - seen!

You have shut her up  
when she commanded you  
to stop;  
giving enough space  
for her lips to part  
gasp the air filling  
her brain and heart  
and beg with a purr  
defenselessly stirred.

You have drowned her  
in painful delight  
sniffing all her might and aroma  
under her ears  
unleashing a shudder  
of inhibitions  
fraction by fraction  
seduction after seduction.

You have played tricks on her  
shuffled and swayed  
arousing resistance

from this powerful woman  
unarmed her to submission  
awakened this new creation!

DAMN YOU!  
And this futile manouver  
to win over  
the things you do.

I lose everytime.

Lynne RBC

# Tamed

When you begged for tonight  
did you know  
we might never see the morning light  
the way it used to be?  
When you tried to cross the borders  
out of everybody's earshot  
did you feel the same intensity  
of shiver that I strained to repress,  
suspecting and unsuspecting,  
one after the other,  
that you yearned for me –  
ME –  
not the friend,  
maybe the lover,  
but definitely the woman?  
Did you even foresee,  
when you bared yourself naked to me  
now  
tomorrow  
and the day after that  
I might reciprocate?

Lynne RBC

# Tell Me A Dream...

You asked me that  
then  
opened up the world to me  
or  
did I do that to you?  
I don't remember anymore  
Except that  
when these threads of  
words  
passion  
dreams  
pass from your lips  
to mine  
I know  
there's a world of possibilities  
unfolding  
everytime.

I feel so close to you  
or  
did you feel that first?  
I don't know anymore.  
Except that  
when we try to look back  
and trace the  
thoughts  
feelings  
life stories  
we've shared  
it's bringing us closer  
finding a new discovery  
somewhere there.

These chained passions keep unclasping  
or  
do we keep grasping to chain them?  
I can't define it anymore.  
Except that  
when I recall the

start  
end  
restarting  
of times spent  
I dream your passion  
and of you  
with my dreams dreamt.

Tell me another...

Lynne RBC

# Tempest

You rock the stars off  
my  
once  
clear  
nights.

The bed creaking  
my  
inconstancy

Lynne RBC



# The End

I've been warned  
there's no stopping things from happening.  
People leave  
You can only grieve  
But it happens anyway.  
They just walk away.  
Friends meet other friends  
and so do lovers  
they don't stay forever.  
Even promises,  
memories, or tokens  
they can only leave you broken.  
They may lessen the blow  
but they burrow a hole  
of what was there  
or mine  
but now,  
is but a fragment of passed time.

You recall and revive,  
mend and bend,  
frantically extend.  
No matter how  
You fake a twinkle below the brow.  
twist the corners of your lips  
Lock my hand, tighten the grip  
it seems easier to resist  
But it will insist.  
It's futile starting over again.  
There' never really stopping  
The End.

Lynne RBC

# The Hump

I am not on a diet,  
and you don't need to offer,  
Go ahead-  
Double dose that tranquilizer.  
Brush my hair  
keep my straitjacket slick  
His gaze is sunshine  
gotta' look irresistibly chic.  
Paint this asylum  
purple and yellow  
I'm expecting visitors  
at home tomorrow.  
Add some music  
make my roommates dance  
I can only be human  
with sheer exuberance.

Start the tantrums,  
rearrange,  
steal moments forbidden,  
rip a page,  
break the rules,  
relive a bad memory;  
If it's what it takes to be happy  
by all means, crush out - SANITY!

Lynne RBC

# The Old Song

You intended it  
to end  
I did too.  
We tried.  
I walked the right way  
you left.  
But we are bound to meet  
somehow  
In an intersection of thoughts  
somewhere  
in between these skips and strides  
of lost memories  
and heart throbs.  
You gained the world  
I earned a home  
we both failed.  
We still long  
belong  
prolong  
this same old song.  
You - the music  
I - the words  
in harmony  
torn eternally  
unconsciously

we play on.

Lynne RBC

# The Thin Line

I met a soldier.  
He said  
there is a  
thin line  
between  
being brave  
and scared.  
In war  
and love  
all's fair.  
There  
is always  
as anywhere else,  
love and hate,  
doubt and faith,  
anger and bliss.  
I may hit  
the enemy  
or I'll miss.  
You may  
hear from me  
less  
and less.  
A longer time  
I might be dead,  
he said.  
Can't you see  
it's there -  
between us.  
That thin line.  
It's the same.  
He makes it look  
so straight  
and plain.  
But I can't  
see the line  
or perhaps  
I've drawn mine  
- crooked.

Lynne RBC

# The Ticket

I found it  
a blaring reminder of that day  
when you sat inhibited beside me  
moving closer with every turn  
nearing home,  
allowing my head to fall gently  
over your easy shoulders  
dreaming the residual hours of the night before  
that ticked alternately  
with the truths you dauntlessly declared  
and my heartbeat frantically conceding.  
It's a piece of paper  
I know I will never use again  
but my hands carefully fold and tuck it away  
with our story,  
hopeful,  
it will hush.

Lynne RBC

# Traces

I don't own you  
but you belong to me  
grown from where I used to be.

You burst with my sunshine  
Pour with my rain  
A life that flickers through my veins.

You exhale the air I breath in  
Blink my stares indefinite  
Wake enchanted my dreamless sleep.

We look at different skylines  
But it's the same sky that shelters us  
So how can you just walk away and hush?

Will there be a moment without your trace?  
Just an empty space when you're away  
Uncross my mind even for a day.

How can I not think of you  
everytime  
the dawn comes?

Lynne RBC

# Velvet Shadow

Today, I will begin the story  
of the rest of my life.

I will start to impart  
the skips and bounds  
of this wandering heart;  
The borders of my perception  
and what lies beyond it,  
above or below it,  
too.

I will tell you  
how you made me believe.  
and grieve.

For there can only be lines  
and symbols  
connecting our fingertips,  
and our lips  
by imagination;  
In desolation  
of this comfort without warmth,  
Laughter without ripple  
and these trickles of tears  
you can never dry.

Still  
don't just walk by.

Listen to me,  
hold my hand  
Understand.

Today, I will start  
my immersion  
with your shadow.

And just like the first time  
it will come  
in flashes  
of the rainbow  
and velvet.

We become one  
somewhere in the  
silhouette.



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